

The History of

the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead, how if hee should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therefore ile make him sure, yea, & ile sweare I kilde him. VVhy may not he rise as wel as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come brother John, shal brauely hast thou sleight Thy maiden sword.

John. But soft, whome haue we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
VVithout our eares, thou art not what thou seemst,

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man. but if I be not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Lackey: there is Percie, if your Father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percy himselfe: I looke to be eyther Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. VVhy Percy I kilde my selfe, and saw thee deade.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuentoyling: I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought along howre by Shrewsburie clocke, if I may bee beleeued, so: if not, let them that should reward valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads, Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother John,
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For

Henry the fourth.

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile giulde it with the happiest termes I haue.

A retreat is sounded.

Prin. The trumpers sound retreat, the day is ours,
Come brother lets to the highest of the field
To see what friends are liuing, who are dead.

Exeunt.

Fal. Ile follow as they say for reward. He that rewardes mee,
God reward him. If I do grow great, Ile grow lesse, for ile
purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a nobleman should
doe.

Exit.

The trumpets sound, Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord

*John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester
ster and Vernon prisoners.*

King. Thus euer did rebellion finde rebuke,
Ill spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
Pardon and terms of loue to all of you?
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?
Three knights vpon our party slaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had bene aliue this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrgde me to
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoided, it falls on me.

K. Beare Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other Offenders we will pause vpon,
How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas when he saw
The fortune of the day quit turnd from him,
Thenoble Percy slaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest,
And falling from a hill, he was so bruizd,
That the pursuers tooke him. At my tent,
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

King

